

# Men Make Houses; Women Make Homes

## From Green of Spring To Scarlet of Autumn

So imperceptibly does the change from one season to another come about that the full realization of such a change is always attended with a feeling of surprise. All through the golden days of August we take note that the glow of summer is waning, that soon the hills will begin to flaunt their crimson banners, that already the atmosphere holds a breath of fall sharpness in it. And yet, when the maples and the ash and the beech don their scarlet and yellow and bronze, the eyes behold them with a shock of surprise, because the looked for transformation has actually been accomplished.

The feast of the vernal idea in spring and the wealth of bloom and passion in summer have had their day. They are now merged into the fruitage of September and October, the lesser beauty making way for the advent of the greater. The Indian summer of the soul answers to the mood of the Indian summer of nature. The ringing call of autumn is vibrant with gladness, and the year is heralded towards its end with the greatest pomp and splendor, the gayest, bravest tints putting a smile on the face of nature even in the midst of universal decay. The smile has a meaning which all who run may read. It shows plainly that the approach of death may be made glorious, and that the blood scarlet in which the priests of the autumn forests are clothed is the sign and portent of rehabilitation. So delicate and yet so strong are the influences emanating from natural forces of suggestion and association that thoughts in regard to the end of life and the solemnities of death, says an apostle and interpreter of nature, emanate logically from the bronzing of a leaf or the seeding of a thistle.

The royal robes in which autumn is clad are typical of the smiling face, the fortitude, the indomitable courage, with which those brave in heart meet disaster and rob it of its power to wound and to hurt. Red is the color of war, and the heart leaps up at the valiancy of its tinge and banishes dejection and discouragement. What though the march of autumnal triumph brings the end near, the end is the way to the Delectable City, and as the steps to it are taken one after another, lassitude and doubt and cynicism die out of mind and are cast aside, as things which life victorious has outworn.

The tapestries of autumn are woven with inimitable and cunning art and are full of light and color harmonies, the vivid reds, the flickering yellows, the gorgeous purples, the rich russets and the many shades of brown, with the blue of the skies bending above and overarching all. The world hung with them looks as if when "finished" from the hand of the great Artificer, and waiting only the final impulse, He had smiled above his work, and that benign look was communicated to the new-made handicraft in the guise of color.

ALICE M. TYLER.

Prizes this week are awarded to Mrs. W. C. Day, 758 Main Street, Danville, Va., and Miss Elizabeth K. Ingram, South Boston, Va. Subjects for next week are thus announced: "Are Women Adaptable for Professional Lives?" "My Favorite Novel, and Why."

### The Character I Like Best in History

Science has sometimes tried to teach us that if a pebble be cast into the sea on any shore, the effects are felt, though not perceived by man, over the whole area of the ocean. So one man's character may exert an influence for good that will never exhaust itself. To me the singular beauty of character of "The Flower of Chivalry," Sir Philip Sidney, appeals most wonderfully. His short life was illustrated by no brilliant achievement, and his literary genius, though true and exquisite in its kind, would scarcely of itself have sufficed to account for the fervor of regard he inspired among his own people. But the purity and nobility of his nature and the winning courtesies of his manner took captive all hearts while he lived and have since kept sweet his memory. This poet-warrior, gentleman, was never so much a gentleman, mirror though he was of English knightlyhood, as when, on the battlefield of Zutphen, he gave the draught of cool spring water that was to quench his own dying thirst to the mortally wounded soldier by his side.

His was indeed a spirit without spot, and his deeds yet live and his character stands forth a rare and finished type of perfect manhood. (Miss) ELIZABETH K. INGRAM, South Boston, Va., Sept. 15, 1902.

Which Character in History I Like Best, George Washington is my favorite.

historical character, not only because he is the father of my own country, but personally I think him the most unselfish and the noblest of them all. The keynote of all his actions was the good of his fellow-men.

There is Napoleon, before whose genius we must prostrate all bow; but the man was not good at heart, and fortunately for the world, his course in history was more like the passage of a brilliant meteor across the sky. He flashed over Europe and victory followed him everywhere, and the boundaries of many countries were changed, and even the rulers of the near-by kingdoms bowed to the power of this one great man. But the fickle goddess Fortune shamelessly deserted her favorite on the field of Waterloo, and Napoleon the Emperor now lies buried in state on the banks of the Seine and in the hearts of the French people; and the empire that he founded is buried, too, and the kingdoms that he took and the boundaries that he moved have all passed back to their rightful owners.

But there has been no such passing away of the work of that great patriot George Washington. He did not lose his youthful ideal of freedom when success crowded upon him. After he had made a country and an army, and with it conquered one of the foremost powers of the world, his fellow-men tried to force a crown upon him, and had he possessed even a few grains of selfishness the charm of founding an empire would have been irresistible; but he put it from him, for his only thoughts were for the young country which he had founded.

Washington needs no monuments while we have the United States. We must turn to history to find



Composse costume, designed by Bergdorf & Goodman. Sage green broadcloth skirt, skirted with wide front panel trimmed with black satin buttons and loops. Tunic effect given by stitched bands. Long coat of self-tone tulle silk, lined with black satin. The piping simulates a deep cuff and lapels ornamented with buttons and loops. Vest and standing collar of black satin, embroidered in gold and silver.

Hat by Kurzmann. Black satin, with slightly curving brim, and topped with large white plumes.

Street costume of silvery-grey broadcloth, on the "Hutcheon" weave. The long circular skirt buttons slightly to one side with large buttons covered with the cloth and is finished with grey liberty satin sash, knotted and weighted with tassels. The long Directoire coat is cut with the seamline side. The sleeves, put into a natural sized armhole without fullness, are finished with narrow grey satin cuffs and cloth buttons and loops. Large satin faced lapels with loops and buttons.

Large grey Beagling silk hat, rolling upward on the right side. The mould-like crown is completely hidden by bristling grey mist-tinted akrettes.

Trotteur suit of plaid cheviot. The skirt is plaited with front box plait. Each plait is trimmed with stitched pointed bands, studded with black satin buttons and light green satin loops. Long coat, with cutaway front, fastened with black buttons. Trimmings of narrow black satin straps with gold buttons and light green loops. Light green satin piping on lapels and cuffs. Flat collar, embroidered in the Persian colorings. Black velvet hat, with the large flat crown encircled with fold of green panne velvet with loose knot in front, from which spring two iridescent quills with ostrich fringe.

Dress.

### Questions and Answers.

Question: Kindly tell me how a recipe shower for a bride should be managed.

S. M. W.  
Answer: Have the recipe book brought in as a last course to a luncheon. It should have been already illustrated with pictures of a housekeeper at her various occupations, the recipes written in each case under the pictures, having been contributed by the bride's friends and put in place by an expert letterer. Favorite dishes of the bride should appear, as far as possible, in the book. An appropriate rhyme for the first page might be: "Whatever you happen To think of our looks, We're sure you'll acknowledge We're very good cooks." The following might serve as a salad recipe:

"Two choice cuts of energy, And eggs of hard cold cash, And freely oil diplomacy With salt of tact a dash. Bedeck with leaves of cheerfulness And pepper well with nerve; Behold your salad of success is ready: Stir and serve."

### Which Character in History I Like Best.

The famous men and women who have made the history of the world are marching through the corridors of my memory to-day, and I am trying to decide which one I shall beckon and invite to "hide with me a wee" and be my guest of honor. There is "an embarrassment of riches" to choose from, but while I ponder irresolutely a woman detaches herself from the distinguished throng, coming to me of her own volition.

On her fair brow lies the shadow of three crowns. Her outstretched hands seem striving still to grasp the elusive sceptre of three kingdoms. Her mind is sad and her eyes seem acquainted with tears, but her grace and charm are wonderful. By her beautiful features and by the glory of her auburn hair, surmounted by a distinctive head-dress, I recognize that fairest and most unfortunate of queens, Mary Stuart, of Scotland. "I come to you," she said sweetly, "because you have always given me interest, justice and sympathy." Fain would I greet my royal guest appropriately, but dazed by her beauty and her charm, I can only cry aloud: "The pity of it! The pity of it! That you should have lost your head!" With humor gleaming in her soft brown eyes, she responds: "My dear, that was my habit from my youth. Had I learned to keep my head in early life, I had not, perhaps, have lost it so completely in the end."

Frivolous she may have been, and perhaps indiscreet, but were ever frivolity and indiscretion so bitterly punished as in her sad case? She was passing fair and very womanly, and yet "misfortune and disaster" followed her from her cradle to the headsman's block. Though she had been uncrowned, the courage and dignity with which she met her fate proved her to be a queen in truth and "worthy of her sires."

FLORA LAPHAM MACK, 710 Holbrook Ave., Danville, Va.

### A Safe Test.

While every city, every community, has customs and rules peculiar to itself, and one must observe and adapt one's self to the social customs of the place one is in, yet it is a knowledge of the rules which are universal, not local, which determines what is or is not good form.

The rules which govern social intercourse might be divided into four classes—those which are dictated by convenience, which is simplicity, by courtesy, by kindness and by grace. The "form" of a thing is the manner in which it is done, and you must see that every act of your social life fits under one of these classifications without violating any of the others. This is a safe test.



EVENING GOWN (by Buzenot).

Princess robe of white tulle embroidered in opalescent paillettes and silver over white satin. Hem of the white satin surmounted with band of lace. Deep beaded fringe and band of lace softened by tulle trim the high waisted bodice.

Napoleon's greatness; not so with Washington. The good he did is all around us, and as he refused the crown he must have had a vision of how much more truly great it is to put self away entirely for the good of your fellow-men.

ANNE R. W. REDDY.

### The Character I Like Best in History.

Richard Coeur-de-Lion. This tale of chivalry and love Has gathered strength with years, For deeds of rare self-sacrifice Aye claim our tenderest tears.

Once, when through treachery vile, A crowned king was lost, Among those countless courtiers proud The one who loved him most

Was but a poor musician, Only a simple boy, Yet he went singing through the world: "O, Richard! O, mon roi!"

Until, at last, a voice Answered from foreign tower, For there in shameful prison chains Pined England's pride and power.

Poor Blondel's weary search Was none the less as brave As ever Richard's wildest charge To gain the Holy Grave.

While love and courage regalize The lowliest of the earth, The mighty love that Blondel showed Was proof of Richard's worth.

Ask any scholar now his choice Of history's dim departed— Hear echo sweet of Blondel's song: "My Richard, lion-hearted!"

Mrs. W. C. DAY, 728 Main Street, Danville, Va.

### The Type of Woman I Like Best.

(From the Bachelor's Viewpoint.) The type of woman I like best? "Twere hard indeed to say! Sometimes I like them when they're fair, Sometimes the other way.

That maiden's soul shines thro' her face, Her hair a golden glory, Small wonder, then, my manly heart Repeats the old, old story!

But this proud maid has midnight eyes, A crown of raven tresses, Her every wish is my sole law, My favorite, she no less is.

What type of woman I like best? To each type I'm no foe, I've learned long since without dismay It depends upon the woman!

MISS ELIZABETH K. INGRAM, South Boston, Va., September 15, 1902.

"Why Is the Woman of To-Day Inclined to Domesticity?" That is a question easily answered. It is because her domestic work is not rightly appreciated. I believe that love of home is inherent in nearly every woman. Just as little girls love their doll-babies and never tire of

playing "keeping house," so the woman will love the real babies and take pleasure in making a pretty home. The difference in the child and woman is that the child's pleasure comes mostly from within, while the woman's life is broader, she has a family of her own and she works hard to keep husband and children happy; but it is human nature, rather woman's nature, to like praise and appreciation. The husband sees things moving on smoothly at home and he comes to regard that as a mere matter of course, nor does he realize how hard housekeeping really is until his wife, whom he truly loves, but fails to appreciate, breaks down, and housekeeping affairs fall on his hands for a while.

It is the same way with the children. They love their mother, but the love of the child is a selfish love, for all the toil and sacrifices must come from the mother. Possibly boys never fully realize the hardships their mothers endure, and only after girls marry and have families of their own can they appreciate what "mother" meant to them.

The woman who keeps house often has to deny herself the pleasures she once enjoyed. There is so little time for reading, music, or art that she feels herself growing "rusty," and then comes the fear that her husband will not love her if she cannot keep abreast with other women. Perhaps her schoolmates are making independent livings in some of the professions and have acquired a standing in the outside world, while her work keeps her closely at home, and she feels she is getting "behind the times."

My sympathies have always been with Martha, who, though she did not choose the better part, did the best she could for the master's comfort. This would be a dreary world indeed

were there no home-makers. And given a home where the husband appreciates his wife's work, and the children are taught obedience, it needs no prophet to tell that such is a happy home. There housekeeping becomes a pleasure and the wife would not exchange places with any living being.

There are, fortunately, numbers of just such happy homes, but in the majority of American homes the wives are not satisfied, and young girls observing this, steer clear of matrimony.

But domesticity is woman's heritage, and other things being favorably there is no one who can give more happiness than the home-maker, and if she is properly appreciated hers is the happiest life for a woman.

Address MRS. GEORGE L. CORBIN, P. O. Box 276, Durham, N. C.

### The Choice.

Isabelle is tall and stately, With a brunette's beauty rare, Smiles and speaks and moves sedately, With a haughty, queenly air.

Round and rosy—sweet is Dollie, Daintiest of blondes petite, Dimpled darling—was it folly That we let our glances meet?

Isabelle has eyes of magic, Satin smooth her olive cheek; Will a future calm or tragic, Joy or grief for her bespeak!

Violet has Dollie's glances, Fair her flower-face of cream, Every blush my soul entrances, Rapture whispers, "Sweet thy dream."

Isabelle has ebony tresses, Golden bronze is Dollie's head— Dollie's lips invite caresses, Not so, Isabelle's so red.

Isabelle has beauty royal, Fit a princeling's throne to grace; Still unchanged—a lover loyal— Turns my gaze to Dollie's face.

Isabelle is far above me, In my life she has no part, But I've Dollie's vow to love me, She—my sweetheart—always my heart.

A. C. STOVER, No. 323 West Cary Street, city.

### New Linings for Gowns.

The fashions of the season must not be passed over without some mention of the linings used in the gowns. Taffeta has held its place alone as a lining silk, but now for some dresses it must give way to a softer material.

Satin evening wraps are lined with satin, the ideal lining material, for it clings to the figure and in no way interferes with the grace of the dress. A house gown of satin or crepe de chine may be lined to perfection with white habutai or China silk. Evening gowns are frequently lined with a soft crepe de chine.

As a rule, a gown built upon the lining and sewed to it has a far more clinging effect than if made separately and worn over a lining slip. If a petticoat is worn under the gown it may be of crepe de chine or stockinet in white.

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BRIDGE FROCK (after Lufersiere).

Clever idea for bordered materials. Khaki colored nixon with the overskirt trimmed with band of tussor in cashmere coloring and design. This trimming forms the bodice panel and deep bretelles. Tuckers and light fitting undersleeves of d'Ancien lace.